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Minerva

Anon

I met Minerva just now near her tree
Resting from battle
Her helmet on her knee
Hair tumbled on breasts

Parted by brass, surrounded by steel plate
Dark nipples glistened
With dew-like sweat of war
Pale arms quivering

Eager for battle's harsh life-death embrace
Yes! She said to me.
Hell yes! she said. Get laid!
Enter the battle.

My Virgins serve me well, my son! Get laid!
Let your juices flow!
(She spit an olive pit)
Get in there and fight!

She gathered her pale skirts around her hips
Stood, covering strong thighs
Took her shield, sword, helmet
With war shriek was gone

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Quote of the moment:

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